

PIETY,
AND ⁺
POESY.

CONTRACTED,
In a Poetick Miscellanie

OF
SACRED POEMS.

By THO: JORDAN, Gent.

Plus olei quam vini, mihi consumptum est.

LONDON, Printed by Rob: Wood.

PETER
AND
POEZY.

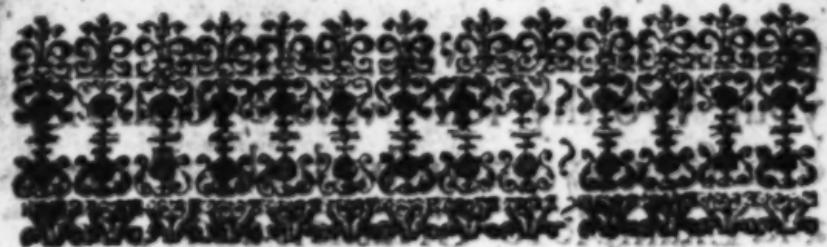
CONTINUED
BY M^r P. A. CRAVEN,
In a Poetic Magazine.

SACRED POEMS.

By THO: JORDAN, Gent.

Price One Shilling, and a Half.

TOMDOV P. 1000 P. 1000 P. 1000



TO THE
WELL ACCOMPLISHED,
MR. PYCRAFT
SJR,

SEVERE EXPERIENCE, hath (in these
EVIL times) sufficiently evidenced,
that GOODNESS and GREATNESS are not
constantly grafted upon one STOCK ;
PIETY doth not always take up her
repose in PRECISIANS, nor CHARITY in
CHURCHMEN ; and although FORMALITY
findes many empty ADMIRERS, yet RE-
ALITY is the onely object of my DEVO-
TION : TO WHOM then may I better

present these private Labours, then
your Worthy self; whose regularity
of Life, may prove both the Precept
and Example to Greatness and Good-
ness. I should enlarge my self further
in the circumstance of Your Accom-
plishments, but that I know, you are
as unwilling to hear your Praises, as
other men their Faults. I shall therefore
only implore your Acceptation, Par-
don, and Protection, in the entertain-
ment of this humble Oblation; and
that I may for my Affection sake more
then my Merit, obtain the happy Tie
of being

SIR, Your Unfeigned Servt:
THOMAS ANTHONY

PIETY,
AND
POESY.

On the Title, that was fixed upon the Cross of
our Blessed Saviour:

Jesus of Nazareth King of the Jews.

Imploration.

A Lmighty Maker (on whose Power divine
The Seraph and the sacred Cherubin
Attend with holy *Antbens*) gracious be
To my Design; Oh make my Poesie
True as an Angels Essence, that it may
Lie in thy Quire, when my neglected Clay

PIETY and POESY.

Becomes a prostrate Ruine, and is hirld
To its first Earth, by the forgetfull VVorld ;
Oh ! may each Line have a celestial Art,
To make the Good prove Constant, Bad Convert ;
Then in this Line I may declare my Muse,
Jesus of Nazareth King of the Jews.

This was once Pilat's Title, and his Jeſt John
When it was fixt on the diviner Crest 19.19
Of my Eternal Lord : Oh ! I must grudge
At thee false Pilat, Couldſt thou judge thy Judge ?
Could thy oblivious Soul ſo ſoon expell
The apprehenſion of each Miracle
His potent Power performed ? If he wou'd
Legions of Angels had ſecur'd his Bloud Matth.
From thy insulting Tyranny, for hee 26.53
That was thy Pris'ner, could have captiv'd Thee :
Oh ! then how durſt thy Rebell heart abufe
Jesus of Nazareth King of the Jews.

Why (like a just Judge) didſt not puniſh them
Who (ith' worſt form of malice) Spit on him? Mat.
Why did thy lewder Laws the Traitor miſs 27.30
That ſeal'd his Master's Murther with a Kiſſ ? Mar.
Why did thy black thoughts hold conſpiracy 14.45
To ſend him to thy long-vow'd Enemy ? Luke
His death, Pilat's and Herod's hatred ends, 23.7
When True ſouls ſuffer, Impious men are Friends.
But why did thy injurious Judgement paſſe Mat.
On Jesus clear, for guilty Barabas ? 27.26

PIETY and POESY

(A Murtherer) that did (like thee) refuse
Jesus of Nazareth King of the Jews.

But (Scriptum est) Eternity decreed Mat. 26. 34
That on the Cross the King of kings must bleed,
Condemn'd by Vaffals ; Pilat, dar'st thou sit
Upon the Bench for whom the Bat was fit ?
Obdurate Judge, could not thy Eyes relent
To see the glory of an Innocent
Brought to thy guilty Session? where the Jury
Instead of Good, and True, are fraught with Fury
Such (as without Examination) cry'd,
(With voyces lowd) Let him be crucified,
His Bloud be upon us : thus they accuse Matt.
Jesus of Nazareth King of the Jews 27. 23

Ye are all guilty, and his bloud will bee
On all your Generations : yet agree
To call your Verdicts back : No? then go on :
They love no Good, dread no Damnation :
He thinks the purple purchase *Judas* sente Mat.
Confessing he Betray'd the Innocent 27. 4
Should give your guilty Sentence an affront,
His words were True, He took his Death uppon't ;
Though 'twas a desperate one ; Could he expect
A better End for such a bloody Act?
Like Ends must fall to all who do refuse
Jesus of Nazareth King of the Jews

PIET^T and POESY.

All that you can alleadge, is this, He said,
Destroy this Temple, and (without Man's aid)
You shall perceive (in 3 days space) that then Mat.
(By my own power) *it shall be built agen:* 26.61.
Where were your Wisedomes then? could not your
And learned Rabbins know the Mysteries wise
This Oracle prounmc'd? He did foreshew
The Temple of his Bodies overthrow :
This Temple you do ruine, and you shou'd
Pay for the Sacriledge, your guilty Bloud :
Although with Stripes and Scorns still you abuse
Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.

He bears his Cross, toyls till he's out of breath, John
Oh! cruel, must he Labour for his Death? 19.17.
But Simon takes his Burthen, and goes on Mark
Under the Tree must bear Salvation : 15.21.
A Fruit that we should for Souls comfort keep,
Although the first Plantation makes me weep :
Now was their Journy ended, for they saw
The place of Death, *Sku'll-bearing-Golgotha;* Mark
There was the Cross up-reared, and on that, 15.22.
My Lord was hoysted, nail'd, derided at,
This Title plac'd upon him, which ensues,
Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews. Job.19.19.

Now doth he Pray, and his dread Father woo
To Pardon, cause they know not what they doe ; Luke
Now doth his Human Nature loudly cry, 23.34
Eloï Eloï Lamasabâbanie: Mark 15.34
Now

PIETY and POESY.

Now he reigns the Ghost, his Spirit flies, Mar.
Hierusalem is fill'd with *Prodigies*; 15.37.
The Graves are open'd, the cold Dead come out,
Ranging the fatal City round about; Mat. 27.52,53
The Temple rends; how could it stand alone
After the Jews remov'd the *Couter Stone*? Ephes.
Oh ! let this prompt my Soul nere to abuse 2.20.
Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.

A Dream of Dooms Day.

Dreams are the Stories of our Sleep, they be W
The things that best perswade, Security L.H
Is not in beds of softest Down, for they O
Disturb by Night, like our Designs by Day; M
Yet thiere be some who have them in election, o.T
To be the Prophets of our next days Action: a.s.t
I shall hold no opinion, but refer C. to the day
Them and their Natures to th' Interpreter: b.s.H
But I'le declare my own; The hour of Night, h.s.A
Nature, and Custome, did at once invite v.s.W
My weary Brain to Rest. I made my Prayer o.s.
To my Preserver, and did straight prepare C. to the day
To entertain their bounty: Not an hour u.s.v
Had Sleep possess'd me with his passive pow'r, g.s.T
But such a Dream I had, as made me flow v.s.T
In my own Sweat and Tears, a greater woe. o.s.k
Nere did engrosse the grieving soul of Man, n.s.T
Since those black days, Egyp's ten plagues began. a.s.k

PIETY and POESY,

The Dream.

M E thought up to a barren Mountains head,
High as ambitious Babel, I was led
By my own gentle Genius, there to see
What was nere taught me by Cosmography,
The Quarters of the World ; Casting my eyes
Full in the East, the glorious Sun gan rise
Just in my Face, his Beams had so much pow'r,
They spoil'd my prospect ; yet before an hour
Was full expir'd, me thought the Sun began
His Declination, it backwards ran,
Or else my eys decke'y'd me ; all the Air
Me thought grew thick, as if it did prepare
To give the Earth a shoure ; for I could spie
The chanting Birds unto their Nests to flie,
Beasts to their Caves, the Night-bird to begin
Her dismal Note, as when the Day shuts in :
And now the Sun was turn'd to darkness to,
Night never was so dark, Day did nere shew
So opposetly light, so that my Hand
Could scarce declare where my own feet did stand :
My Senses all were numm'd, and did resign
Their Faculties ; I wish'd the Moon would shine,
That, since I was depriv'd the short Days light,
I might receive som solace from the Night :
The Moon did rise, and yet no sooner shone
In her full Sphere of Glorie, but was gone.

And

PIETY and POESY.

And nothing was left to be understood
Where she declined, but an *Orb of Blood*.
Lord ! how I trembled then, so did the Hill
Whereon I stood, as if 't were Sensible
Of this prodigious Change, the Stars did fall
As soon as six, and now, were wand'ring all :
Where were (thought I) th' Astronomers this year,
They did not quote this in the Kalender ?
Now down the Hill I creep'd, purpos'd to see
How the great City took this Prodigie :
I saw 't was full of Lights, ere I was there,
I heard the cries of *Women*, a great fear
Possess'd the Poorer sort, and such as those, Close
Whom , Heaven knows, had nought but Lives to
The Rich were banqueting, ye might have spyed
In such a street a Bridegroom and his Bride
Wedded for *Lust*, and *Riches* ; here agen,
A Crew of costly Drunkards, that had been
Making one Day of seven ; there another,
Like cursed *Cain*, destroying his own *Brother* ;
Yonder a Fourth, who, in as great excesses
Wasteth his Soul with an *Adulteress* :
Ere I could turn to such another sight,
I did behold in Heaven a strange Light,
As if 't were burning Brimstone, and, at last,
I could perceive it fall like rain, so fast,
I thought that Heaven would have dropt, I cry'd
All you that will by Faith be Justified,
Stand not a foot ; this is the Fatal Day,
For which our Saviour bids you Watch and Pray.

PIETY and POESY.

Great Structures were but Bonfires, Turrets swot
In their own Lead, whil'st here poor wretches come
Half roasting in the Rain, and Mothers lie
Laden with pretty Children, till they die:
No *Dag* can still their crying, and each *Kiss*
The Mother gives, a shovre of Sulphur is:
Letchers, Insatiate Strumpets, with their shames,
As they first met in fire, depart in flames;
No flattering *Epitaph*, or *Elegie*,
Hangs on the Herse of proud *Nobility*.
The Epidemick fires, at once, do fling
Into one *Grave*, a *Vassal*, and a *King*:
Our Judges leave the Senate, throw away
Their reverend Purple, and in Ashes pray
To that great *Judge of Heaven*, in whose Eys
Relenting Pitty, and Compunction lies:
Husbands embrace their Wives, but ere they part,
Both burn to Cindars, Death had never Dart
That gave such cruel Torments; some do fly
To Rivers to affwage their *Misery*,
But all in vain; for fire hath there more power
Than ever water had, *the flaming flowers*
Is not to be avoided; all do run,
But none know whether; now my *Dream* is done;
For here I wak'd, and glad I was to see
'Twās but a Dream; yet Lord, so gracious be
To my request, that this Nights *Dream* may stay
Still in my thoughts, then shall I *Watch and Pray*,
Be ever Penitent with holy Sorrow,
For fear thou make my *Dream* prove true to Mory
and On

PIETY and POESY.

On Lot's Wife looking back to Sodom.

Could not the *Ange's* charge (weak woman) turn
Thy longing Eyes from seeing *Sodom* burn?
What Consolation couldst thou think to see
In Punishments that were as due to thee?
For 'tis without dispute, thy onely Sin
Had made thee One, had not thy Husband been
His *Righteousness* preserv'd thee, who went on
Without desire to see Confusion
Rain on the wretched Citizens, but joy'd
That God decreed Thou shouldest not be destroy'd,
Nor thy two *Daughters*, who did likewise flee
The flaming Plague, without casting an Eye
Towards the burning *Towers*, what wou'd thee then
Since they went on, so to *look back again*?
But *God* whose *Mercy* would not let his *Ire*
Punish thy *Crime*, as it did theirs, in *fire*;
With his divine Compunction did consent
At once to give thee *Death* and *Mourning*.
Where I perceive engraved on thy stone
Are *lines* that tend to Exhortation:
Which that by thy Offence, I may take heed,
I shall (with sacred application) Read.

The

PIETY and POESY.

The Inscriptions.

IN this Pillar do I lie
Buried, where no mortal Eye
Ever could my Bones descry.

When I saw great *Sodom* burn
To this Pillar I did turn,
Where my Body is my Urn.

You to whom my *Corps* I shew
Take true warning by my wo,
Look not back when *God* cries Go.

They that toward virtue high
If but back they cast an Eye
Twice as far do from it flie.

Council then I give to those
Which the path to blisse have chose,
Turn not back, ye cannot lose.

That way let your whole hearts lie,
If ye let them backward flie
They'll quickly grow as hard as I.

PIETY and POESY,

On Eve tasting the Apple.

The Fruit was amiable to the Eys,
Twas fit for feed, 'twas Good, 't would make out
The subtil Serpent wanted neither tale, (Wise,
Nor terms of Art, to set the fruit to sale;
Me thinks the words th' Almighty did repeat,
In saying *Of this Tree yee shall not eat,*
Proposing punishment likewise, that by
The tasting this forbidden fruit, ye die,
Should have sufficient force in ye to fright
The Tempters craft, and your own Appetite:
Could ye conceit, a Serpent (made as you
By th' will of God) more than your Maker knew?
But 'tis in vain my passion thus to vent
'Gainst you that have receiv'd your punishment,
Yet give me leave to grieve; for, since your fall,
That fruit hath wrought diseases in us all.

On the Children of Israel murmur-

ring at Manna.

Bind Israelites, can ye no sooner boast
Ye are secur'd from Pharaoh, and the coast
Of cruel Egypt, but (that to obtain
Their Flesh-pots) ye would be their Slaves again?
Hath great Jehovah made his Servants free,
And are they angry at their liberty?

PIETY and POEST.

Are not your Labours ended? or doth Care
Perplex your fences for the next day's fare?
What is't doth cause your murmur and disquiet?
Are ye not fed with Manna? *Angels diet:*
Are ye not sated ev'ry Morn and Even,
With food in pearly viols, sent from Heaven?
Your two first Parents in the Garden, had
No greater store, why will you then be sad?
And call down angry Justice, to exclude
This plenty from you, for Ingratitude?
Are ye not God's Elect? doth he not tell,
He will protect his chosen Israel?
And yet ye grieve, and murmur at the food
He sends ye, which is temperately good,
Fit for your Constitutions? and doth bless
Your Bodies with it in a Wildernesse:
These Acts of wonder, were your Food as base
As it is very precious, might breed Grace
In your ungratefull souls; you should consent
Together to be thankfully Content,
For these high Favors, which he mere did shew
Since Adams fall, to any but to you:
It is content, and thankfulness that makes
Course Fare appear as fine as Costly Cakes:
Then pray for those two Vertues, you that have
More then a usefull plenty, yet still crave,
Whilst the profusest Banqueter shall sit
To invent strange Dishes, 'till he wants his wit,
And starves his bodie to. It is not Meat
Onely, that makes the body shew repleat;

But

PIETY and POESY.

But 'tis the grace of God that must attend
Our Meals in their beginning and their end.
That feeds the poor man when his Table's spread
With a Course cloth, the Rich man's refus'd bread,
And his own dear-got penny-worth, which (eat)
He neither doth repine, or wish for meat;
This is a life of Peace, Content, and Good,
It cherisheth as well the Soul, as bloud;
The dis-contented stomachs when they spie
A dish they like, oft surfeit, or else die;
So did the Israelites when Quails were sent,
Their plenty did become their punishment:
But let me crave, Oh ! thou Omnipotent,
That canst, and dost allow Food and Content,
Thou Saviour, that didst the thousands feed
With two poor Fishes, and five loaves of Bread;
That didst the Tempters rude Request deny,
When as thou saidst, *Man not by Bread only*
Must live, but by the precious words that do
Proceed from thee, Grant me those Dishes too :
For then I know Want never can controul
My replete Body or inspired soul,
Let me with joy thy Benefits embrace
And, when thou send'st me Manna, give me Grace.

PIETY and POESY.

On Mary Magdalen's coming to the Tomb of our Saviour.

W^Hilest the sad night was dark, and silent, then
To th' Sepulcher comes Mary Magdalen,
She fears no idle Fancies of the Night,
Faith in the deepest Darkness, shines most bright,
The Temples rending, nor the Prodigies,
That came to grace the Worlds great Sacrifice,
Frighted not her, but all alone, to th' Tomb
Of her dead Lord is poor Maria come,
No Apparition could her terror be
An Apparition, 'twas she came to see.

On Peter called to be a Fisher of Men.

W^Hen Simon Peter from his Fishers trade
By Christ was called, and a Man-fisher made,
The World soon scorn'd him, and would not be
Like Fish, by Peter, nor by Jesus Bought; (caught
Yet there is no great wonder in't, for when
Have ye known Fish affect the Fisher-men.

On

PIETY and POESY

On Peter's Imprisonment and Release.

Tis the Great Shepherd, whom our Saviour call'd
To feed his Sheep and Lambs, like them, install'd
Now by a wolvish Tyrant ? Or did he
Envy our Peter's office ? and would be
Himself in that high place ? Bad men (we know)
Desire a Good-man's Title, though they shew
No virtue of their Calling, Thieves would be
Term'd True men, though their Trade be Felony,
Tis a strange goverti'd Kingdom, where they keep
Shepherds in bold, and Wolves to feed their Sheep :
Must Heavens mighty Keeper now obey
The wretched bondage of a jailors Key ?
Must Fetter's cling about his sacred Bones ?
And, for his Guard, four bold Quaternions
Of Life-depriving Soldiers, such as flie
All acts that tend not unto Tyranny ?
What is the Saint accus'd of ? Can your Laws
Inflict a punishment without a Cause ?
Was he too Holy for your vicious Time ?
Too just ? or, was his Innocence his Crime ?
Tis a hard case where virtue must intreat
For right, when Guilt sits on the Judgement seat ;
Peter this case is thine ; yet (thou dost know)
Not thine alone, 'twas our great Masters too,
Then since his Neck unto that Take did come
There is no Majesty, like Martyrdom :

Observe

PIETY and POESY.

Observe the Sequel : In the dead of Night,
VVhen Silence rul'd the sleepy VWorld, and Light
VVas quite extinguish'd, (for the Lord did make
It darker sure, for his lov'd Peter's sake)
For whose abuse Herod and's impious Men
Might well despair of seeing day agen :
In prison'twixt two stout-arm'd Souldiers, there
Most sweetly slept our holy Prisoner, (immure
Though burthened with his Chains, Nought can
Rest from that Soul that is from guilt secure :
A sudden Light more glorious than the Sun
Enter'd the Prison. VValls, which first begun
To strike and awake Peter, it is held
A doubt, whether that Peter first did yield
The motion of his Eyes unto the smite
This glorious body gave him, or his Light,
But now he is commanded to arise,
To shake his Bonds off, which he doth, off flics
The Locks, and Bolts of Prison-Doors, and He
Follows this Light that leads to Liberty :
Thus, in one Minute, doth the Jailer leese
(Spight of his care) his Pris'ner, and his Fees.

Imploration.

I Ord fill my Soul with Innocence, and then
I care not though I be in Daniels denn,
Pth' firy Furnace nought can me assail ;
Were I lock'd up in Jonah's water Goal ;

Just

PIETY and POESY.

Just Joseph's pit, or Peter's prison, all
If I remain in *Innocence* are small :
And, as thou saidst to Peter, say to me
Shake of thy Bonds, Ile do't, and Follow thee,

On the Penitent Thief upon the Cross.

*
TWas time to cry *Remember*, 'twas an *hour*
Fit to invoke thy dying Saviour
For an eternal life, yet it is strange
To see this *blessed*, un-expected, *Change*
In thee, a *Thief*; how couldst thou hope to be
Preserv'd by him, that was condemn'd like thee?
Or if thou didst conceit his power could give
A *Life* to thee, Why didst not ask to *live*?
As did thy Partner, whose desire was thus,
If thou be Christ, save thou thy self and us:
Then might ye hope after your strange Reprieves
To rob agen, be more notorious *Thieves*,
Resolve to keep the Passenger in awe,
WTo steal in spight of Conscience, or Law;
Why didst thou ask his Kingdom, there's no place
Fit for thy *Trade*, No Mask to hide thy face
From the known Traveller; the Wealth he gives
Can never be devour'd by *Rust*, or *Thieves*:
But this was not thy Aim, thy *Lord* could see:
'Twas not for this thou cri'dst *Remember me*:
For thou wert *Penitent*, and from each Eye
True drops did fall to purge thy *Felony*;

PIETY and POESY.

What ever thou didst force from any one
Thy Teares distill'd a Restitution ;
But what did cause all this? sure 'twas that Eye
That look'd and made forgetful Peter cry
After his *Third Deniall*, whose bles'd Sight
Can give a *Thief Repentance, blinde men, light* ;
Thence came that *Fish*, which made thee to believē
This *Jesus had a Kingdom for to give* :
That taught thee to obtain it, that did shew
How by *Repentance thou must thither go* ;
That made thee to cry out undauntly,
When thou com'st thither, Lord, Remember me :
Let me *Sweet Saviour take this Thief's advice,*
And I shall be with thee in Paradise :
No *Fagot, Gibbet, Rack, or Ax shall fear me,*
If on my Croffe, I have a Cure so near me.

Charity begins at home.

When Christ (to save Believers from all evils)
Gave his Disciples power to cast out Devils,
Judas (who did his Master's life betray)
It is suppos'd, had no lesse power than they ;
And yet we cannot read amongst the many
Great Acts they did, that ere he cast out any
The Obstacle is found, for *Judas* sins
In the first Rule, where *Charity begins*,
It was not strange, he dis-possessed none
From others, that could not first cast out: own :

Learn

PIETY and POEST.

Learn here ye Teachers, ere ye go about
To clear mens Eyes, first take your own beams out :
That then those beams of darkness being gon
Men may behold in you the Beams oth' Son.

On holy Fasting, and on holy hunger.

AN holy Fasting may be call'd a Feast,
It feeds the fainting Soul, and gives it rest,
He that would gain a life for Everlasting
By God's account, is onely full with fasting,
A holy Hunger doth supprese all Evil,
That kinde of Hunger fathisheth the Devil.

On our Saviour paying Tribute,

IT was decreed the King of Kings must pay
Exacted Tribute, to a King of Clay :
Cesar must have his Image, and his birth
May well exact it, 'tis but Earth to Earth :
We are Christs Image, our Souls onely easer,
Why should not he have's due as well as Cesar?

On Paul's healing the Creeples at Lystra.

WHEN Christ to Paul his Curing power reveal'd
And he at Lystra had a Creple heal'd,
The astonish'd People, with hands heav'd on high,
Adore him by the name of Mercury,

PIETY and POESY.

The God of Eloquence, and well they might
Whose Tongue could make a Creepie walk upright.

On the holy Ghost descending like a Dove.

When John (unwilling 'cause unworthy) lead
Christ into Jordan, ore his glorious head
Hovers a Dove, whose bright wings would not cease
Till they were spread over the Prince of peace ;
Well may our Turtles grieve their sad estates,
When Doves from Heaven come to seek their Mates.

Sapiens Dominabitur Astris.

Gave the star light to th'three Wise men from far?
TNo 'twas their Faith gave light unto the star.

On the Pharisees requiring of a Sign.

YE faithless Pharisees, what would ye more
To shew the Coming of our Saviour
Then ye have seen ? hath not his power, and might,
Giv'n Creepies legs ? and to the blinde their sight ?
Restor'd to life, and health, a Corps that dyed,
Was shrowded, coffin'd, grav'd, and putrified?
Fed many souls, turn'd Water into Wine ?
Yet (for all this) ye still require a Sign ;
Our Saviour still, some greater Sign must give ;
It is a sign (vain men) you'll not believe.

PIETY and POESY.

On our Saviour's receiving of Children,

Except we be converted, and become
As little Children we shall have no room
In God's eternal Kingdom, and who er e
Can be so humble, shall be greatest there,
Or he that will receive so sweet a flower
Into his bosom, hugs his Saviour :
But he that shall offend such little Ones
That are believing, better 't were Mill-stones
Were hung about his fatal neck, and he
Render'd a prey to the devouring sea :
If Children Lord, are acceptable then
Make me a Childe, Let me be born agen.

On our Saviour's saying, he brought a sword,

Our Saviour said, he came to bring a sword
Into the World, 'tis true, that was his Word,
Lord, strike our hearts with that, and so affre us,
That way of wounding is the means to cure us.

On Saul's Conversion in his Journey to Damascus.

When Saul was call'd to be a Conventite, (Light)
God's glorious presence struck him blinde with
What strange Enymass Heaven can devise,
Saul then saw clearest, when he lost his Eyes.

PIETY and POESY;

The lustre struck him to the Earth, and he
At that rebound rise to Eternity ;
Look here Ambition, learn this of Saul,
The onely way to rise high, is to fall.

On the words, Scriptum est.

Our Saviour gives the perfect Revelation
To his Disciples of his Death, and Passion,
When Wisemen see known Dangers they prevent unto
Yet Christ fore-saw his Wrongs, but under-went unto
He did expect no quiet, ease, or rest,
Untill he had perform'd Quod scriptum est.

*An Eclogue betwixt Saul, the Witch of
Endor, and the Ghost of Samuel.*

The Introduction.

When as the proud Philistines did prepare
Their Bands in frightfull order to make War
Against the Israelites, Saul (their wish'd King)
March'd forth, and unto Gilboa did bring
All Israel, where (till the sad Events (Tents :
The threatening War had brought) they pitch'd their
But when the Host of the proud Foe appear'd
To Saul so infinite, he greatly fear'd;
The rather 'cause he did no more inherit
The Divine Power of a Prophetick Spirit :

PIETY and POESY.

For now the Power of God had left him so,
That he by Prophecy nor Dream could know
His future fate, from him all power went T
That doth support Kings just, and innocent;
And now a fearfull rage usurpeth all
His nobler thoughts, he doth begin to call
For Wizards, Witches, and his Fate refers
No more to Prophets but to Sorcerers:
A Woman must be found, whose breast inherits
The damn'd Delusions of predictive Spirits:

So in my younger observation
Of this vile World, I have cast my Eyes upon
A fawning Parasite who for some Boon
His Patron had to graunt, would beg, fall down
Before him for it; which being deny'd,
His Humblenesse converts to its old Pride,
He grows Malicious, what he did defire
Before with Meeknesse, now he'll win with Isee
If Cruelty and Murther can prefer
His long-wish'd Ends, he'll be a Murtherer,
Or any thing of horror, yet will pray
And beg, at first, to ha't the safest way;
Though 'tis not Love, or Service, he extende
But Flattery to purchase his own Ends
So Saul's resolv'd, since Heaven denies to tell
What he would know, makes his next means to Hell:
To Endor goes accompanied by No man;
And, with these words, invokes th' Infernal Woman

PIETY and POESY.

Saul and the Witch,

Saul. Thou learned Mother of mysterious Arts,
I come to know what thy deep skill im-
By Necromancie : Thou whose awfull power (parts
Can raise winds, thunder, lightnings, canst deflower
The Spring of her new Crop : Of thee I crave
That thou wilt raise some spirit from the grave,
Who may divine unto me, whether Fate
Will make me happy, or unfortunate
In my next Enterprize.

Witch. Strange Man forbear ;
Whose Craft instructed thee to set a snare
For my molt wretched Life ? Dost thou not know
King Saul proclaims himself a mortal foe
To our black Colledge ? Hath not his Command
Ruin'd the great'ft Magicians of the Land ?
Is't not enough, I am confin'd to dwell
In the dark building of an unknown Cell,
Where I converse with nought, but Batts and Owls,
Ravens and night-Crows, who, from dismal holes,
I send to sick-mens windows, to declare
Death's Embassie, to the offended Ear
Of the declining Patient : Wherefore (pray)
Seek ye this horrid Mansion, to betray
The haplesse Owner ?

Sau. Woman do not fear,
I do not seek thee out, or set a snare
To get thy Life ; for, finish my intent,
As the Lord lives, there is no punishment

Shall,

PIETY and POESY

Shall be inflicted on thee ; I will be
A gratefull debtor to thy *Art and Thee* ;
Be speedy then. Oh ! how I long to hear
The Message of my *Fate* !

Wit. Whom shall I rear ?

Sau. Old *Samuel*.

Wit. 'Tis done. Ye Fiends below,
That wait upon our will, one of you goe,
Assume the shape of *Samuel*, and appear,
With such a Voice, and Likenesse : or declare
The Reason why you cannot ; for I fear,
Ye dare not do it.

Spirit. Dare not ? I am here.

Wit. Oh ! I am lost ; the unknown *Fates decreed*
Have set a period to my *Art and Me*.
Why didst thou thus thy *Royalty obscure*,
To take me Acting my Designs impure ;
In th' midst of them for to contrive my fall ;
So sure my *Death* is, as thy *Name* is *Saul*.

Sau. Though thou divin'it me right, yet do not
But let me understand, what did appear
After thy *Incantations* ?

Wit. You shall know :
I saw *immortal Gods* rise from below,
And after them, a Rev'rend aged *Man*,
Out of the Deep (with speedy passage) ran,
Lapt in a *Mantle*, his white gentle Hairs
Express'd a Brief of many well-spent years :
Within whose Cheeks, bright *Innocence* did move,
His Eys reverted to the Joys above,

(Like

PIETY and POESY.

(Like holy men in prayer) and now appears
To hear your will, and terminate your fears.

Samuel, Saul, and the Witch of Endor.

Sam. Why from the cold bed of my quiet Grave
Am I thus summon'd *Saul*? what wouldst thou have?
Why must thy Incantations call up me
From secure sleep? are men in Graves not free?

Saul. Divineſt ſpirit of bleſt *Samuel*,
The *Caues* that by *Necromantick Spell*
I am induc'd to raise thee from thy *Grave*
Are theſe, within my reſleſſe Soul I have
A thouſand *Torments*, The *Philiftims* are
Prepar'd againſt the with a dreadfull War
And the *Almighty* who hath stood my Friend
In many Battels, given victorius End
To all my *Aiſons*, and (in *Dreams*) would ſhew
Whether I ſhould be *Conquerour* or no,
All things ſo near unto my Wishes brought
I knew the Battels End, ere it was Fought,
But now no Invocations can defire
The *all-dispoſing Power* to inspire
My longing Soul with ſo much Augury
As ſerves to propheſie my Mifery;
These are the *Caues* make me thus return
To thee, though ſleeping in thy peacefull *Wm.*
Sam. Comiſt thou to me to know thy Enterprize?
Can Man make manifeſt what God denies?

Yet

PIETY and POESY.

Yet I shall ease thy doubt ; and now prepare
To hear the fatal passage of thy War,
So sad a Sonnet to thy Soul I'le sing,
Thou'l say it is a Curse to be a King ;
That all his Pomp, Titles, and Dignity,
Are glorious Woes, and Royal Misery :
As good Kings are call'd Gods that suppress Evils,
So bad Kings (worse than Men) grow worse than Devils.
But these are exhortations fit for those
That have a Crown and People to dispose ;
Alas ! thou'rt none, but what adds to thy Cross,
Thou hast it, to be ruin'd with the loss,
Thy Diadem, upon thy Head long worn,
In Majesty, shall from thy front be torn,
So shall thy Kingdome from thy power be rent,
And given to David as his Tenement ;
Before the sun hath once his journey gone
Unto the West, thou shalt be overthrown
By the Philistines, all this shalt thou see,
And then thou and thy sons shall be with me.
But all these sorrows would have been Delights,
Hadst thou against the Curs'd Amalekites
Obey'd the Almighty's will. But 'tis too late
Now to exhort ; farewell, attend thy Fate,

Sau. Oh ! dismal Doom, more than my Soul can
A thousand Furies in a Band appear, (bear
To execute their charge ; a Ghost doth bring
News that doth make a shadow of a King.
Oh ! wretched Dignity ! what is thy end ?
That men should so their fond Affections bend

To

PIETY and POESY.

To compasse their Frail Glory ? half these woes
That I have on me, would confound my Foes :!
Must these mysterious Miseries begin
With me, the small'st o'th' Tribe of Benjamin ?
It could not else be stil'd a perfect Thrall ;
The highest Riser, hath the lowest fall.
Would I had stil kept on my weary way,
To seek my Fathers Alles, then to stray
This Princely path of passions ; I had then,
As now most curs'd, been happiest among men.
Ye Princes, that successfully shall Reign
After my haplesse End, with care and pain,
Peruse my pitied Story, do not be
Too confident of your frail Sov'reignty ;
If Tim'ritiy could safety bring,
Why was't not mine (a Prophet and a King ?)
And (for a Friend) what Mortal can excel
The Knowledge of Seraphick Samuel ?
Who had he liv'd, and I his Counsel taken,
I had not (as I am) been thus forsaken :
But now I shake thee off, vain World, Farewel ;
Here lies entomb'd the King of Israel.
All you that stand, be wary lest you fall,
And when ye think you're sure, Remember Saul.

LET US PRAY.

After the Creed, our holy Pastors say
Unto their Congregations Let us pray.
The Custome is divine, it argues, they
That are Believers must not cease to Pray.

PIETY and POESY.

Sure those three words contain a charm that may
Protect Believers, therefore *Let us pray.*
Would we resist temptation, the broad way
That leads to black Damnation? *Let us pray.*
Would we have Names and Honors nere decay,
But flourish like the Spring-time? *Let us pray.*
Would we live long and happy, have each day
Crown'd with a thousand blessings? *Let us pray.*
Would we have Jesus Christ the onely stay
Of our sick souls and bodies? *Let us pray.*
Are we with Judas ready to betray
Our Friends for fatal treasure? *Let us pray.*
Are we grown proudly wise, will know no way
To Heaven but our own? *pray* *Let us pray.*
Are we so full of wrath, that we could slay
Our nearest, dearest Kindred? *Let us pray.*
Have we committed Treason, and no way
Is left but desperation? *Let us pray.*
Do we with Dives let poor Laz'rus stay
Fasting, while we are Feasting? *Let us pray.*
Lest evil-Angels bear our Souls away,
As they did his, to torment, *Let us pray.*
Are we in dismal Dungeons doom'd to stay,
Till Death allow enlargement? *Let us pray.*
Are we so us'd to swear, that Yea and Nay
Are words of no Assertion? *Let us pray.*
Doth Pestilence possess us? lest Delay
Consume us in a moment, *Let us pray.*
Are we in wrathfull War, where Tyrants sway
The sword of black injustice? *Let us pray.*
Would

PIETY and POESY.

Would we return victorious ? win the day
From our red Adversaries ? *Let us pray.*
Doth Famine vex our Nation, and decay
. Our (once too pamper'd) bodies ? *Let us pray.*
Doth Causeless Care oppresse us, that to-day
We cast for food to Morrow ? *Let us pray,*
Are we despis'd ? contemn'd ? made to obey
The wrath of other Nations ? *Let us pray.*
Are we in fickness, and would gladly play
The sanctifi'd Physitians ? *Let us pray.*
Doth Death approach us ? lest too long Delay
Lose both our Souls and Bodies, *Let us pray.*
Would we be ready for Dooms dreadfull day ?
Let us (like Ninevites) *Fast, Watch, and Pray.*
Sure sinfull Sodom had been sav'd, had they
With one entire consent said, *Let us pray.*
And put those words in practise; what we may
Obtain by *Faith* and *Prayer*, who can say,
But those blest Souls in Heaven ? If Despair
Poison the Soul, no Antidote like *Prayer*.
If, in the stead of Disputations, we
These seven years, had put our *Piety*
Into the *Art of Prayer*, we might have bin
Free from those Mischiefs past, or now begin ;
Prayer is the *Key of Heaven*, way to *quiet*,
The *Lions preservative*, the *Angels diet* :
It breaks the rage of *Thunder*, calms the *Ocean*,
It is the sweetest *Issue of Devotion* ;
The *Soul* put into *Language*, a *Design*
That (by just claim) doth make Gods Kingdom thines.

The

PIETY and POESY.

The Prince's Treasury, the Earth's increase,
The Christian's Sacrifice, the Path to Peace,
If we would have more blisse than Men can say,
Pens write, or Angels tell us, Let us pray.

An Acrostick conteining the Ten COMMANDMENTS. TH

EXOD. XX.

- | | |
|---|------|
| T hy God of Gods I am, whose hand | II |
| H ath Ransom'd thee from Egypt's Land, | III |
| O h ! then no other Gods implore. | IV |
| M ake no carv'd Statues to adore. | V |
| A lmighty God speak not in vain. | VI |
| S ee that his Sabbath thou maintain. | VII |
| J n honor let thy Parents be. | VIII |
| Q ppose thy Wrath, from Murther flie. | IX |
| R eject Adulteries, faint pleasure. | X |
| D o not steal in any Measure. | |
| A bandon all false Witnesse, never love it. | |
| N or let thy Soul thy Neighbors Riches covet. | |

Aborigine

Intemperance.

VIETY and POESY.

Intemperance.

A Fancy upon VVords.

HE that's devoted to the GLASS,
The Dice, or a Lascivious LASS,
At his own price is made an ASS.

He that is greedy of the GRAPE,
On Reason doth commit a RAPE,
And changeth habit with an APE.

The Lover whose Devotion FLYES
Up to the Sphere where Beauty LYES,
Makes burning-glasses of his EYES.

If long he to that Idol PRAY
His Sight, by Loves inflaming RAY,
Is lost* For ever and for A.Y.

IV * Rob. Wisdom.

IIIV

IX

XI

X

Elegiack

105 - "Whether Mr. Ross or Tobias
Wisdom be the better Poet?"

Lane in S. J. Parker's Park Clayard.

Rob. Wisdom was an occasional Contributor
to the early Versions of the Proverb in Webster's dict.
In this with some of Nichols' Contest, there are
a Staves, adapted to "the ghost of Rob. Wisdom"

Onbury is in character of a Puritan, i.e.,
he has rather more of Robert Wisedom &
Melville than the best hymn a churchman can sing.

H. L. Dickinson says in his "Appletonian"
"When now I stand forth for his Trial, Robert Wisedom
was found the better Poet." p. 60 1881, etc.

Robert Wisedom seems to have written his "Hymns & Hymn Tunes"

published by J. D. & J. D. BROWN,

Elegiack Poems.

D D D D D
An Elegie on the Death of Mr. John Steward.

If a sad Stranger may presume to mourn,
And build (in Verse) an Alter ere an Urn,
It Tears that com from Heart-instructed Eyes
Appeare no despicable Sacrifice;
If you'll conceive Sorrow can keep her Court
In Souls that have the Cause bat by Report,
Or if the loss of virtue you believe
Can make its Lover (though a Stranger) grieve:
Admit my Wet Oblation which imparts
Something that shew's th' effects of mourning Hearts.

You who have had no Tears for your own Crimes,
And cannot vent a Sigh for these sad Times,
Within whose juiceless Eyes was never seen,
Drops but proceeding from a tickled Spleen;
And you who (valor-harden'd) never cou'd
Bestow one stream to see a Sea of Bloud,
Though of your Sons, or Brothers; Come to me
Ile teach you true grief in this Elegie,
Steward is dead, a man whom Truth, and Fame
With Virtue, ever shall imbalm his Name;

ELEGIACK POEMS.

Grave although Young, who in his heart did prize
Learning, and yet not wittier than wise ;
Religious without Faction, and could be
Courteous without the Court Hypocrisie,
Just to his Friends, not Hateful to his Foes,
For he had none, though Virtue seldom goes
By Envie unattended ; He was one
In whom appear'd much of *Perfection*,
But Death (the due of Nature) must be paid,
Beauty, and Strength must in a Grave be laid :
So hasty and unwilling to defer
The time, is our great grim Commissioner ;
Then let us mourn, let our true Sorrow swim,
That he is not with us, or we with him :
'Tis Good to mourn for Good, as to Regard,
Or pity, is a kinde of a Reward :
His latest precious Breathings, had respect
To nothing more than divine Dialect,
Which he committed to his mourning Friends ;
In Exhortations for their better Ends
Unlocks his breast, which onely could express
Aspiring Prayers, and pious pensiyeness ;
Thus like a Traveller (that will not stray
To any talk, but's journey, and his way)
Our Peregrine disconserth, till at last
As Tapers, near their end give greatest blast,
He dies, and all the Duty I can do
Is on his Herse to fix a Line or two.

ELEGIACK POEMS.

The Epitaph,

Underneath this Marble lies
Youth's decay, that Merchants prize,
Who trades for what is just and wise.

On this Urn let no man laugh,
Reader, if thou keep him safe,
His Name shall be thy Epitaph.

Let no one here presume to Read
Unless he be by sorrow lead,
To drop a Tear upon the dead.

It shall be but lent, for when
Thou com'st to th' period of all Men,
His Friends shall pay thy Drops agen.

On the Death of the most worthily honour'd
Mr. John Sidney, who dyed full of
the Small Pox.

Sidney is dead, a Man whose name makes Harrows
In his Friends Cheeks, channel'd with Tears fair
Within whose Microcosm was combin'd (Sorrow)
All Ornaments of Body, and of Mind.

ELEGIACK POEMS.

In whose good Acts, you might such volumnes see,
As did exceed th' extent of Heraldry ;
Whose well-composed Excellencies, wrought
Beyond the largest scope of humane thought.
Indeed, within his Life's short little Span,
Was all could be contrated in one Man ;
And He that would write his true Elegie,
Must not Court Muses, but Divinity.

He's Dead : But Death, I have a Speech, in vain,
Directed unto Thee, where I complain
Upon thy cruel Office, that could find
No way to part his Body and his Mind,
But by a fatal sicknesse, that confounds
The beautious Patient, with so many wounds ;
Sure when thou mad'st his Fabrick to shiver,
Thou could'st not chuse but empty all thy Quiver.
What Man (to all odds open) in the Wars,
Dies with such a Solemnity of Scars ?
Yet his great Spirit gives the Reason why,
Without that Number, Sidney could not die :
And therefore we will Pen it in his Story,
What thou intend'st his Ruine, is his Glory ;
So when the Heavenly Globe live look'd upon,
Have I beheld the Constellation
Of Jupiter , and on all parts descri'd
Th' illuminated Body stellified,
Sprinkled about with Stars, so that you might
Behold his Limbs and Hair, powder'd with Lights.
This wee'l apply, that, though we lose him here,
His Soul shall shine in a Celestial Sphere.

The

ELEGIACK POEMS.

The Epitaph.

IN this sacred Urn there lies,
Till the last Trump make it rise,
A Light that's wanting in the Skies,

A Corps enveloped with Stars,
Who, though a Stranger to the Wars,
Was mark'd with many hundred Scars.

Death (at once) spent all his store
Of Dares, which this fair Body bore,
Though fewer, had kill'd many more.

For him our own faint Tears we quaff,
Whose Virtues shall preserve him safe
Beyond the power of Epitaph.

*An Elegie on the lamented Death of the virtuous
Mrs Anne Phillips, Dedicate to her Son
and Heir Mr. Edmond Philips.*

Religious Creature, on thy sacred Herse
Let my sad Muse engrave a weeping Verse
In watry Characters, which ne'er shall dry,
Whil'st Men survive to write an Elegy:

ELEGIACK POEMS.

Dull Brass, Prond Marble, and Arabian Gold,
(Though they tyre Time and Ruine) shall not hold
Their aged Letters half so long, as we
Shall keep thy living worth in Memory :
Obedience was thy study, Frith thy aim,
Wisdom thy worship, Fortitude thy fame,
Patience thy peace, and all good Eys might see
Thou didst retain Faith, Hope, and Charity.
Within the holy treasurie of thy Mind,
Were the choise vertues of all Women-kind :
Nothing that had affinity with good,
But liv'd within thy Spirit or thy Bloud ;
No costly Marble need on thee be spent,
Thy deatblesse Worth is thine own Monument.

Thoughts of Life and Death, written upon the occasion, ex tempore.

I Never look on Life, but with a loathing,
When it is sterill, and conduceth nothing
To my Eternal Being ; but when I
Find it devoted to the Deity,
To love my Neighbour, and obey that State
Which God hath made next, and immediatly
Under his sacred Power ; when I have will
To Forgive him that doth me greatest ill ;
To calm my Passions, to comfort my Friends,
And do no All that savour of self-ends,
Then I love Life ; but wanting this, I have
No joy, but to exchange it for a Grave.

LEGIACK POEMS.

An Epitaph on the Death of an Organist.

W^Ithin this Earth (a place of low condition)
Intomb'd, here lies, an exquisite Musician :
Living, he thriv'd by Concord, and agreeing,
Looking from all things, to Eternal being :
In Equal Rule and Space he lead his life ;
A constant, honest, Consort to his Wife,
Much troubled Musick suffer'd such derision
By many, that began Points of Division :
He now, without controul, no question, sings
Eternal Anthems to the King of Kings.

An Epitaph on Himself.

N^Ay, Reade, and spare not, Passenger,
My sensē is now past feeling,
Who to my Grief a Wound did bear
Within, past Philicks healing.

But do not (if thou mean to Wed)
To read my Story tarry,
Least thou Envy me this cold Bed,
Rather than live to marry.

THE EXALTA CTE ROBINS.

For a long strife, with a lewd Wife
(Work of all her beside)

Made me (note whereof may suffice) to say,

So I set forth, and ~~there~~ ^{there} I lay her.

An Epitaph on a Strumpet, buried at Graves-

ende, where I lay my darling there, where I lay her.

Believe me, you'll see her in the morning at Canterbury.

VWE said that Sacred Soldeyn would have done
No nire distinction betwixt a Whore and a Saint,
Since it is so, shun nowe it may be laid. Aye, if it be so,
That heant shall be within a Chappell hinde or aboyd.
She was no Sessions stife, yet now and then
Suspicion laid; she broyd many a Man aboyd.
But now the Grand is dead, why thru (my Friend)
The wort is past, Then're Welcome to Gravesende.

An Epitaph on my worthy Friend

Mr. John Kirk.

Cronaca. 16. Jan. 21. 1616. obit. A. X. 17.
Reader, Within this Dormitory, last yeare
The wet Meridies of a Widdow Englyssh
A. Kirk, though not vs Scotland, One in whom
Loyall mind, and Facion found no room:
Englyssh Christian, but he died
A. 16. of England by the Mothers side
In brief, to let you know what you have lost.
She was a Temple of the Holy Ghost, I telle you.